

The Children's Newspaper, May 2, 1942

BACK TO GALILEE

HISTORY will say what we all know too well, that the daffodils came out in 1942 to an Island with a pocketful of trouble. Yes, all our pockets full.

The shadows gather round us in these days of dazzling sunshine. Never was the sky more bright. Never was the earth more beautiful. The woods are laying down their green carpet. The hedgerows are budding with new life. The time of the singing of birds is come. But at the heart of it all is the bitter truth that all we love is in peril. The civilisation we thought we had built on a rock has been built on shifting sand.

The Second Chance

It is not a generation since we ended a great war with the bells of freedom ringing after four sad years. We were on the top of the world, like gods; yes, gods with feet of clay. It seemed certain that nothing could dethrone us, for the German Fleet was at the bottom of the sea and the German Empire was a beggar at the door. There was nothing the Allies could not have done then *had they believed the things they told the men who died for them.*

After that tragic failure the second chance has come, the second chance for the world to save itself from the doom of those who forget God. God is not mocked. We are His partners on the earth, but if we fail to carry out His purposes no power on earth can save us. It is not enough to be a great empire; great empires and little minds go ill together.

THE man who said that was one of the wisest thinkers who ever gave his life for our country, Edmund Burke. His words rang through Parliament and still seem to echo there, and one of the things he said was a remarkable truth we may all remember now. This noblest man of his age, whose chief fault was that he was sometimes too violent in well-doing, said that those who do not believe in God are the outlaws of the Constitution, not of this country alone but of the human race. He it was who inspired our war against France and its revolutionists, but he wished it to be a crusade against atheism, in defence of faith in God as the Master Ruler of nations and the Father of all.

The Great Divider

We are set thinking of it by the latest addition to our pocketful of trouble, from India. It is something to break the human heart, for it is the contribution of Religion to the sorrows of mankind. When we think of the words, *Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest*, it is a pitiful thing to realise what Religion can become in a hard, strange world like this. It can become the Great Divider of mankind.

It is meant to unite us, to make brothers and sisters of all God's human families.

In every man and woman and child is something no doctor can see and touch. He cannot point to any part of our body and say "There is the spirit," as he can say "There is the heart," or "There is the brain." Yet everyone knows that it is this invisible spirit that dominates our lives and is the master of our bodies.

What is it? Where does it come from? What is its business? Perhaps the best answer is that it is a spark of the Eternal

God in every one of us. It is the secret power that links us with Infinity. With the eyes we see, with the ears we hear, with the hands we work, with the feet we walk; but with the spirit we bring all these into some mysterious relation with the boundless universe.

It is beyond our understanding, but we know that there is a mighty river of life rushing like a million Mississippis, and we stand on the banks, watching it go by for seventy years or so, then being carried by it into a world of dreams, and peace that knows no end. It is the spirit that touches this life with a radiant glow and assures us of our kinship with the stars. It lifts us up and magnifies our lives. It makes it possible to understand that the Sermon on the Mount which every child can read is not only the noblest law ever laid down for man, but the most practical way out of all the world's troubles.

What the Spirit Can Do

It is this spirit, planted in each one of us by God Himself, that has the marvellous power of making not only a warless world but a selfless nation and a sinless race. A wise old man said once that God will not save the world by argument, but how often His Church appears to think He will. It is a sorrowful thing that the Church has taken the spirit and made it into words. The spirit a child can understand; the words are past the wit of man. If we are asked when the Church will recover the people it has lost, we shall answer that the Church will recover the people when it recovers its simplicity.

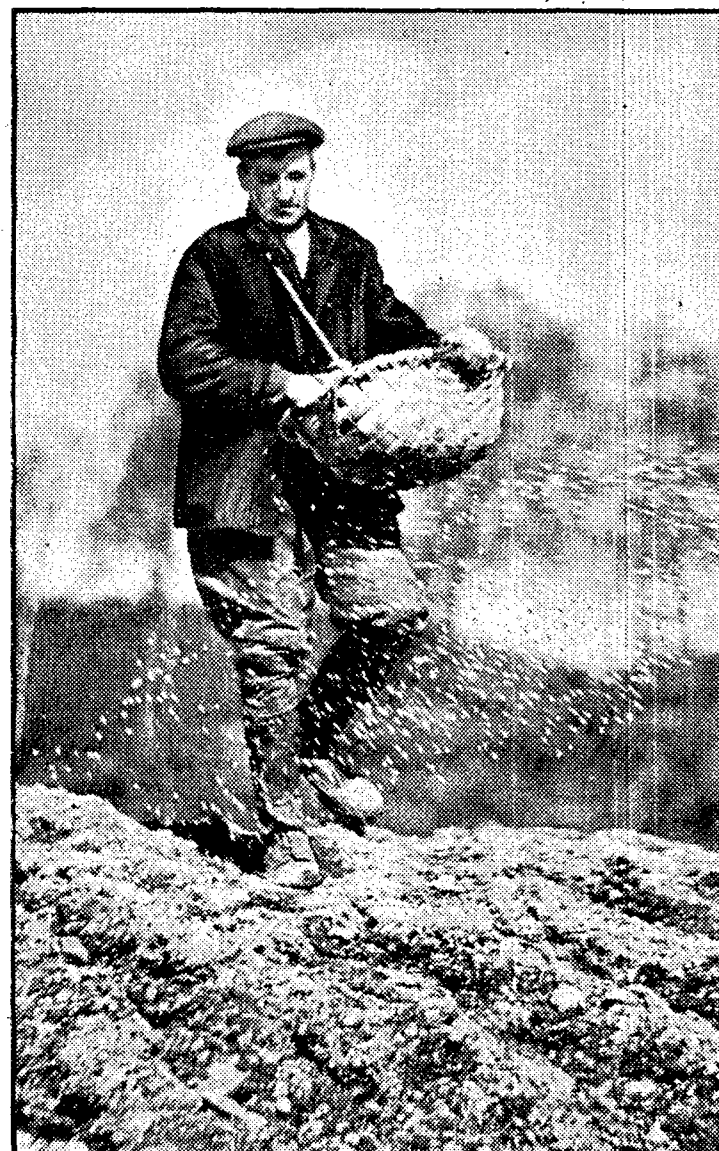
How helpless a man feels in the presence of so vast a problem as this of India, in which words are allowed to crush the spirit while the wolves are at the gate. It is the terrible dividing power of religion that cuts India in pieces as with a sword. The Mohammedans believe in one God and the Hindus in many. The Mohammedans are democratic and the Hindu religion is based on the terrible idea of Caste, with its privilege for the few. Caste is the cruellest thing on earth; it outlaws sixty million people as Untouchables, despised and rejected of their fellow countrymen, so that even their shadow must not be allowed to fall upon other people. This sorrowful religion has made the Indians a melancholy people. A traveller who went all over the country told us that he never saw children laughing, or young people dancing, or lovers walking arm-in-arm in the fields.

The Bridge We Must Build

It is what comes of worshipping the form, the word, and not the spirit. India puts the stress on the wrong things and throws away her birthright. Religion is her great divider. Is it not so nearer home? On how many things can all the religions in this country agree? How often are they seen on one platform? We have built a bridge of ships across the ocean, and made the dividing seas the uniter of nations, but we have built no moral bridge across the gulf of creeds.

WE can agree about most things in the world except religion. More men have quarrelled about Jesus of Nazareth, who never quarrelled with anybody, than about anything else on earth. It is only a few lifetimes since we burnt men alive in England, or cut off their ears, or branded them with red

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE



The Sower

Continued from the previous column
hot irons, or bored holes through their tongues, if they did not believe what the Church thought was right. Thousands of the best men in the land were murdered for refusing to believe in things we all think horrible now. India is now where England was then.

It is making violence and cruelty of religion to pursue it to such bitter ends. It is crushing the spirit to wrap it round with mysterious words and solemn rituals. The Hindu is a pacifist and would not hurt a fly, but he has not yet learned (even Mr Gandhi has not yet learned) that it is an act of violence against the spirit of peace to force your belief on somebody else.

The time is coming when, with these dark hours behind us, we must all be playing our part in building up a better world; and there is only one way. It is to cease making religion a divider and to make it a uniter of the peoples. The

Church and the People must leave their outworn creeds, their brave professions and their little deeds, and come back to Galilee and the simple beauty of Jesus. We must forget the small things that divide us and remember the great things that unite us. We must build up the things that hold the world together and get rid of those that pull it apart.

THE United Peoples of the United Nations—what a proud banner for the nations set free and the nations home from the wars, brothers all, seeking not freedom only, not economic prosperity only, not only treaties of friendship and planning for comfortable lives, but seeking first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness that all these may be added unto us.

If our faith in God is worth the breath He gives us, let us give it life as well as words, and transform it into the everlasting glory of mankind. It is the solemn opportunity of all time that is coming to us now. Let us Back to Galilee. Arthur Mee

A LAST GLIMPSE OF FRANCE

The Memory of Two Soldiers

It was a hot afternoon. The sun beat down on the cobbled streets of the little French town of Etaples, on the fishermen lounging on the quay, and on the brightly-painted vessels in the estuary. Two British soldiers looked with interest at the little plaster Saint at the masthead of each boat; at the red sails, now furled; and at the wheeling gulls. The war seemed far away. But on each side of the Avenue Chateau, the long, straight, tree-lined road between Etaples and Le Touquet, gun-limbers and military vehicles were drawn up under the trees, away from the prying eyes of any German airmen who might be making a reconnaissance flight overhead.

The two men were grateful for the shade as they tramped along in their thick uniforms, with the sunlight filtering through the branches above them, but by the time they reached the sea they were ready for a swim. The sand-dunes at Le Touquet are covered with short spiky grass, and the soldiers had to look for some time until they found a bare patch of sand on which to lie and bask after the bathe. Towards evening, feeling hungry, they left the shore and strolled into the town to the hotel where they intended to have a meal before returning to camp.

A Family Party

They found the dining-room practically deserted, the only other occupants being a rather interesting little party of five people. First there was Grandfather, a fine, handsome old man in a frock coat, with white hair and a great white beard; then came Papa, a thin-faced, intelligent-looking young officer, wearing the uniform of the French Tank Corps; then his pretty wife and their two children. The youngsters, a boy and a girl, were dressed strangely from the English point of view: the girl was wearing a white muslin frock and veil—her confirmation dress—and the little boy wore an Eton jacket and striped trousers; the strange thing about his clothing was the big white bow tied just above the elbow on his right arm.

It may have been the day of their confirmation, but somehow, seeing them against the background of the tables laid for dinner and the black-coated waiters, the girl looked more like a doll dressed as a bride, and the boy as one of the guests.

The Marseillaise

The two soldiers watched the little family finish their dinner, and, when the grown-ups were drinking their coffee, saw Grandfather bend down and whisper in his granddaughter's ear. The child rose to her feet and began solemnly to sing the first few bars of the Marseillaise, the old man beating out the time with his fingers. The waitress smiled approvingly, and the boy joined in. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to them, like singing God Save the King at the end of a play. But Mamma noticed the two foreigners looking on, and said something to her husband. Perhaps he thought the impromptu concert was disturbing their meal; anyhow, the singing came to an end, and the party left the hotel a few minutes later.

That is how this story must finish, too. Not a very exciting tale, you may think, but the date of this hot Sunday was May 12, 1940, and the recollection of it is the last peaceful memory those two soldiers have of the fair country of France. Perhaps it is not such a bad thing to remember her by, after all!

The Touch of the Blind Man

We are often told that this is everybody's war, and it is true that none can escape its effects. But we are sometimes thrilled to hear of individuals taking an active part who have earned the right to be excused.

There have been seamen crippled as a result of being torpedoed who insist on going to sea again; there have been cases of men with artificial limbs flying with the R A F. Now it is a group of blind men from St Dunstan's.

Recently a number of R A F men, who have been in numerous sorties against the enemy and are now engaged as instructors, paid

a visit to a factory producing the machines they use. The R A F men were amazed to find that, employed on vital inspection work, testing and passing the various component parts of the aircraft, were blind men trained at St Dunstan's. Each man had his own trained dog standing by his bench to lead him to and from his work, all of which is done by touch.

The managing director of the aircraft firm was enthusiastic about the success of the experiment, which had proved that these blind men could give most valuable help to the nation.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

SHORTAGE of labour nearly meant loss of life on a farm in Petersham, in the United States, when a farmer developed appendicitis but could find no one who would take charge of his fifty cows while he went into hospital.

So he put off going until it was a matter of life and death, and then happily some young men in the neighbourhood heard of his

plight and came to the rescue. They were pledged to the government for an eight-hour-day in one of the Civilian Public Service camps which are doing forestry and other reconstruction work, but a group of them in their spare time looked after the cows and the dairy until the farmer's operation was over and he was back at his work.

Whistling Stars

HEARD ON THE DELHI RADIO

When the meteorites which we know as shooting stars plunge into our atmosphere, they whistle as they go. We do not hear their sound, but it has been heard and recorded at Delhi by K. Venkaraman of the All India Radio Research Department. On the short wave Delhi instruments he heard and recognised what no human ear can detect unaided.

The transmission was interrupted by weak heterodyne whistles, high-pitched notes rapidly descending in pitch and lasting from a fifth of a second to several seconds. Long continued examination has shown that these sounds could be caused only by meteorites entering the upper atmosphere, and lasting during the passage of the meteorite till it dissolved in dust. The sounds were most frequent in the morning hours and could be compared with the speed of the meteorites as they sped through space.

Making Daylight

Factories and workshops are now being lighted in a new way by the long low-pressure mercury vapour tubes, which were first known as giving out a powerful and rather painful green glow. But now, according to Mr H. G. Jenkins, who has addressed the Society of Arts about them, they have been converted to better and more agreeable ways, and can produce the exact warm white colour which is given out by sunlight at noon—and is ordinarily understood as daylight.

Other blends can be obtained, and they are reached by turning the invisible ultra-violet rays of the mercury vapour lamp on to fluorescent substances which glow when thus awakened. The substances when heated, and when alloyed with traces of other substances, are converted from dull powders into a mass of tiny crystals, each a light in itself, and blending its glow with others to the tone of light required.

The Old Furnace Roars Again

One of the oldest steel furnaces in England is now roaring away as bravely as the youngest. The old one has been cold for 60 years, and all this century has been regarded as a museum piece. No one believed it would ever be used again, but Mr Ambrose Kelly and Mr C. A. Hanson, urged to turn out still more steel, decided to reopen the furnace, and their faith and enterprise have been greatly rewarded, for the fire went at once, and within 12 hours the old museum piece was turning out first-class steel, going strong after 150 years.

THINGS SEEN

A hawk swooping down and carrying off a chaffinch singing in a tree at Hackenthorpe, Yorkshire.

A frog swimming in the Isis with a baby frog on its back.

A staff colonel taking his poodle on a lead for a walk down Piccadilly.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

THE attitude of France is causing great concern among the Allies owing to the reappearance of the traitor Laval at the head of the Government, with Admiral Darlan in charge of the armed forces.

The fastest journey ever made round the world, counting flying time, has been credited to American Army airmen, who took five minutes short of 122 hours, practically five days and nights if it had been non-stop.

The aircraft of Coastal Command last year flew for 143,000 hours, and covered a distance of 17 million miles.

One pound of waste paper a week from every house would mean 1000 tons every weekday for munitions—a precious gift from our homes to the nation.

PORTUGAL has elected General Camarna as its president for the third time; he is 72.

The Red Cross has raised nearly £11,000,000 during the war, but has now only £300,000 in hand.

To save paper L M S railway tickets are to be half the normal size.

A GERMAN pilot has said that the only way to get Malta down is to sink it.

War Savings are now reaching over £12,000,000 a week. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has received £20,000,000 in free gifts towards the war.

Any Boots library will accept playing cards and jigsaws for delivery to the Forces.

Scout and Guide News Reel

THE entire crew of a mine-sweeper in home waters consists of Rover Sea Scouts, and the ship holds the record of sweeping more mines than any other from their base.

Toronto Scouts have sent to England for bombed families canned fruits worth more than £4000.

About 4500 bunks have been erected in the Tube shelters of Bethnal Green by Scouts.

There Once Was a Stupid Old Woman

A STORY of burnt Bank notes was told the other day by someone who regretted the disappearance of gold as money, saying that with sovereigns and half sovereigns such an accident could not have happened. In the company there happened to be a bank manager, who, replying that even gold was not proof against the consequences of mischance, told a surprising story.

In the days of the sovereign a woman drew £25 in gold. Her maid being out, and she herself having to go out, she sought a hiding-place for the gold, and, incredible as it may appear, she chose the most ridiculous place of all, the drawing-room grate, there being no fire in it. She hid the gold deep down among the coal, and the inevitable thing happened, fate overtaking folly. The weather being chilly, a match was put to the fire later in the day, and not until hours afterwards was the gold remembered.

Leaving the grate undisturbed the next morning, the lady informed the bank what had happened, and the manager went to her house and raked out the cinders. There were no sovereigns left, for the coins had all been melted by the heat, but like a

THE Canadian Government has formed a company to manufacture synthetic rubber, to be known as Buna, and production is planned to reach 34,000 tons a year.

Every week the public asks at Post Offices throughout the country for 360,000 forms on which to write airgraph letters to the Forces.

Two Australian engineers have written to the Commonwealth Air Minister offering to steer an aircraft or speedboat loaded with explosives into a Japanese aircraft carrier and be blown up with the target.

A MOBILE X-Ray unit has been presented for the Red Cross to General de Gaulle, for the Free French Forces in Syria.

Land girls are being trained in the latest methods of destroying rats, rabbits, and moles.

All able-bodied adults of Tokyo are ordered to stay out of doors during air raids. Only invalids, the aged, and children are to use shelters, most of them in the Underground. The people have been promised that few enemy aircraft will be allowed to penetrate to Tokyo!

It is interesting to learn that Sir Stafford Cripps is a total abstainer.

Princess Elizabeth, having reached the age of 16, will now undertake many official duties.

THE Petersham and Ham Scout Troop, specialising in naval training, so impressed an Australian Admiral that he is presenting them with a White Ensign.

An exhibition of Guide handicraft, including weaving, leatherwork, and basket-making, was held last week at Imperial Headquarters in London.

The 21st Cheltenham Brownie Pack has collected £150 through a Street Savings Group which it has organised.

DICKENS'S TUNNEL

When Charles Dickens bought Gadshill Place he took a fancy to a shrubbery which lay beyond the house behind a high wall, and here he loved to sit for hours in quiet, weaving out of his brain many of those creations which have delighted hosts of readers. He could sit here in a summer-house and see the Thames.

But to reach this place of seclusion he had to cross the highway, and as people used to gather and stare at him, he had a tunnel constructed to bring him to his favourite spot.

The house is now a school, and we understand that the children use this tunnel during air raids, and that it makes one of the best shelters in Kent.

THE GOOD NEIGHBOUR SPIRIT

In many parts of the country people are showing the Good Neighbour spirit by passing on their newspaper to the man next door when he is unable to buy one owing to restricted supplies.

But this is nothing new. An old lady living in a half-forgotten Cornish parish reminds us that this lease-lend custom existed when she was a child over 80 years ago.

"You couldn't get a weekly paper for less than 3d or 4d," she recalls. "Cottagers, of course, couldn't afford to pay that, but a farmer used to buy the paper, and when he had finished with it he would pass it on, and on it would go from cottage to cottage until it had been round the parish. By the time the paper reached its last place it was fully a month old and very well read!"

In much the same way, adds our old lady, ham bones were once passed on for soup-making, the journey ending when all flavour was gone!

ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND

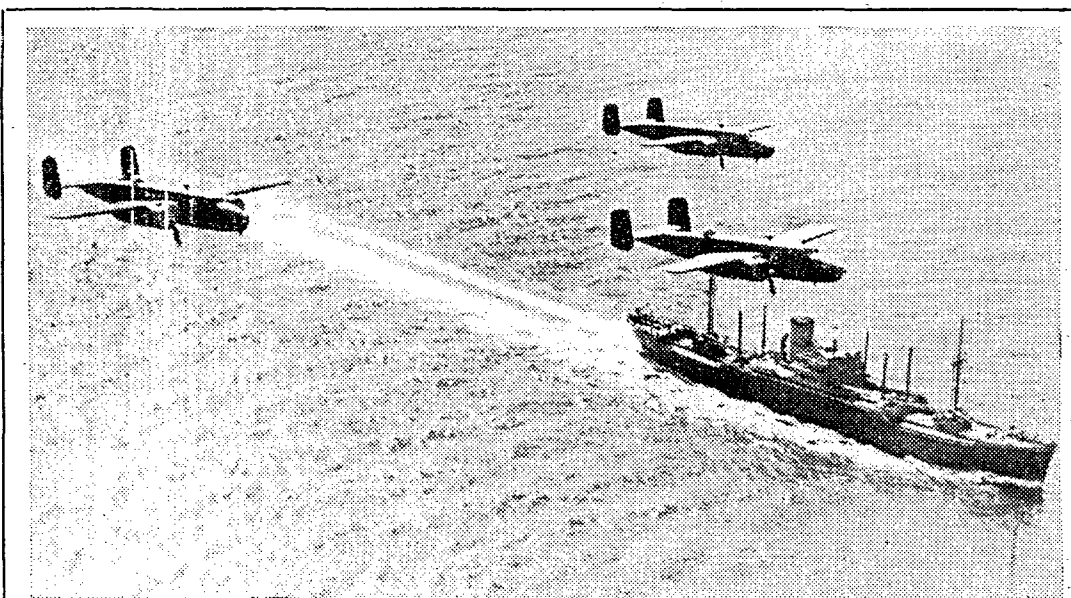
The air above us is very much alive. It teems with tiny creatures.

According to Professor Claude Zobel, a column of air a mile square and reaching upwards to 14,000 feet has an insect population of 25 million. Few of these nomads, which are swept upwards by the winds, reach the highest levels, and as many are descending as travelling upwards. They are naturally thickest at 20 feet high, and at 200 feet their numbers have fallen off by half; at 1000 feet another cut reduces them by two-thirds, and at 2000 feet they are halved again. Spiders are numerous at the lower levels, carried on their own silken threads. These aeronauts become nervously active when the barometer falls.

Too Many Shops

THE Board of Trade and the Ministry of Food are hard at work on the very difficult problem of what is to be done about our shops. There are too many of them, and various plans are being considered to reduce the number, especially of those selling unessential goods.

We have some 750,000 shops, while the amount of food and manufactured articles for sale is constantly diminishing. The matter resolves itself, therefore, into a reduction of shops in proportion to the goods to be re-tailed. It is hoped to make



Anti-Submarine Patrol

Bombers of the United States coastal patrol passing a merchant ship during their look-out for U-boats off the Atlantic coast of America

Did It All Begin With the Boomerang?

It may be that the aeroplane has brought the world back to savagery, and, if it is true that the first parent of the plane was the boomerang, there is something awe-inspiring in the thought that the primary principle of the aeroplane originated in perhaps the least developed of all human brains.

The boomerang is the weapon of the Australian aboriginal, the Blackfellow. His mind is the most primitive to be found among men; he comes mentally nearest to dumb creation. Yet what an incredible gulf this invention of the aeroplane creates between him and the most highly developed of the anthropoid apes!

The boomerang is a beautiful scientific weapon. It can be so thrown from the hand of the

hunter that if it fails to hit an animal it returns to the spot from which it was thrown. Yet some phenomenal savage of long ago invented this amazing thing.

Its origin must surely have been an accident, but the feat of making the accident recur, of creating thousands of specially-shaped pieces of wood which should repeat the happy accident a million times—is not that as wonderful as Faraday's achievement with the magnetic needle? Yes; it is impressive that the mind of this unclad savage, with many of the habits of the beasts of the field, should do this. For thousands of years these Australian natives have been making boomerangs and scientifically improving them; and the modern aeroplane embodies the perfection

of design of the native implement. The improved boomerang is not flat, but slightly rounded, so giving better lift; and the improved aeroplane wing is modelled after the same plan.

It was the old Royal Aircraft Factory which first turned out a really stable aeroplane; and the machine got its modern wings from the shape devised by a primitive savage who eats live lizards and snakes, goes unclad, and sleeps in a cave, or digs a hole in the sand, or raises a pile of stone and branches for a shelter from the heat of the sun. A strange thing to reflect upon, that the development of this simple savage's idea should bring about the overthrow of law and order and turn civilised men into savages again.

FROM NATION TO NATION

By sending us seeds of many kinds for our allotments the British War Relief Society of U.S.A. is acknowledging, by a sort of token payment, the generosity shown by the British nation to European countries left stricken by misfortune at the end of the last war.

We sent back relics, including glass from the windows of Rheims Cathedral, brought home by returning soldiers; we sent acorns to sow for replacing the shell-shattered caks of Verdun; we formed a vast library of books for Louvain; and we despatched corn and other seeds to many suffering areas.

Perhaps the most picturesque of our gifts was to the gallant Serbs, including hardy Herdwick sheep from our Lakeland fells for the bleak hills and mountain heights of Serbia, Cheviot sheep for the Serbian foothills, and Wensleydale sheep for the rougher pastures of the Serbian lowlands. Each breed succeeded there in conditions somewhat resembling those to which they had been accustomed at home.

YOUNGER SONS

Is it true that it is the younger sons of a family who are usually its brightest members? Some authorities claim that investigation of the records shows that the British Empire was built by younger sons.

However that may be, a correspondent who has six children, and is proud of them all, says they have all done well, but "the younger ones had more brains."

This correspondent, by the way, adds that it is a great pity that more is not said about the delight of family life; we hear much of the cost of bringing up children; we ought to hear more of the fact that no amusement equals that provided by a properly-managed child.

GOOD-BYE TO THE TRAM

One by one our tramways are disappearing. Soon we may expect to hear children ask, "What was a tram?" The latest tramway to go is that of Southend, which perished the other day after a life of 41 years, during which it carried 510 million passengers without a single fatality. A trolley-bus system is to take its place.

So passes the lumbering old tram, with its fixed track in the middle of the road. The trolley-bus, although it still uses the overhead cables to pick up electric current, adds to its smoother running the advantage of pulling in to the kerb for the convenience of passengers.

THE TERRIBLE WASTE

A correspondent who is a member of a rural district council reports that in one week he received seven letters and circulars from offices of the council, three of the letters arriving in the same post. He has suggested that a simple plan (used in many business houses) of sorting the post and saving both stamps and paper might well be introduced.

Miners, What of It?

During the 26 weeks ended last March 188,700 days of work were lost because of coal disputes, and it is estimated that 179,200 tons of coal were lost to the nation.

Up Go Prices and Down Goes Crockery

THE prices of green vegetables and of crockery stand out as extraordinary scandals. We see lettuces priced at a shilling and an earthenware teapot labelled five or six shillings. In neither case has the public been able to protect itself, and authority has done little or nothing to protect it.

We thought there was a profiteering Act which set out to limit the profit that could be loaded on to the prices of a certain date, but apparently it has been lost sight of. No

attempt seems to have been made to govern prices of late, and for some articles they advance by leaps and bounds.

As for china and earthenware and glass, dissipated by breakages, stocks have been so seriously depleted that we have seen them disappear from shop windows, and we are now told that months must elapse before we see supplies of plain crockery specially made for wartime use. It is difficult to understand how the trade has been allowed to reach such extremity.

The Letter-Writer

I HAVE just been to see an Anti-War-Correspondent. He was signing a letter as I entered the room, writes one of his friends to the Editor of the C.N.

A bright-eyed, smiling young man with good humour in his strong face, he said he was glad to see me. "Busy?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "This is the sixth letter I have written this afternoon."

"You must spend a small fortune in stamps!"

"Well, yes. But you see I spend very little on anything else. I need so little, of course."

I agreed. For this young man has been on his back two years,

and is the life and soul of the hospital ward.

"Fact is," he explained, "I'm an anti-war correspondent. You know what a war correspondent is, someone who writes home about how the war is going. Well, I stay at home and write to fellows abroad and tell them how things are going with us—just the opposite, you see. Till my accident I was one of a couple of hundred fellows in a factory, and most of the chaps have joined up; so that, as I've plenty of time lying here on my back, well, I write letters to them, tell them the news, send them a joke or two, and remind them that it's good to be alive."

Country Craftsmen

THE woods are busier than they have been for generations, for wartime conditions and requirements have given new life to many half-forgotten crafts. Many a valley is smudged again with smoke from burning charcoal, and many an old man, long retired from active work, has been brought back to teach a younger generation of burners.

The requirements of the army have given much work to the woodmen, sometimes with strange results which make the older men wonder. In clearings can be found men working away, often making articles which are

as mysterious to them as to the casual onlooker.

The revival is doing one very desirable thing—giving new life to old country crafts. Many wooden articles such as have been imported for many years are again being made in English woods. Better still, the new generation of craftsmen is learning to improvise and is making tools of wood to take the place of the metal type no longer so easily bought. One such handyman has received an order for a spinning-wheel from a woman who wishes to use combings from a prize Samoyede!

The EDITOR'S TABLE

The Future of Our Race

ADULTS of today who have many friends are struck by the evidence presented to them that British people are condemning their country to extinction. The case is well illustrated by Mr D. C. Terrett, who writes from King's Langley to point out what has happened in his own family.

His maternal grandmother had 14 children, all of whom married and had children. There were in fact 45 grandchildren, an average of three for each marriage. Some of these grandchildren married, but the average children of the new generation were one for each marriage.

Mr Terrett adds that his grandmother married at 18 and her children married at the average age of 20. Such of the grandchildren as have married did so at an average age of 28.

STORY

THIS story comes to us in our postbag from New Zealand. It is of the small daughter of the friend of a C N reader in Wellington.

The little girl was thinking hard over the question whom she loved most, and at last looked up to her mother and said:

*I love Jesus best,
The King and Queen next,
And then you and daddy.*

The Speck on the Map

How glad Queen Wilhelmina must be that she did not wipe our Island out when she was a little girl.

She had been asked to draw a map of Northern Europe and, as was natural to the future Queen of the Netherlands, she set Holland in a central position many times its actual size, the British Isles being a mere speck lost in the Arctic Ocean.

Her governess begging her to adjust matters and bring the Powers into more accurate relation, the princess reluctantly brought the United Kingdom into more favourable quarters, and then said, "But I simply will not make it any larger."

Under the Editor's Table

KITCHEN utensils are to be smaller. But most kitchens will still have a good range.

A MOTHER says her children quarrel over the jam ration. Family jars.

MANY waitresses have taken up war work. Wouldn't wait any longer.

MOST dentists are of good physique. They are always drilling.

Peter Puck
Wants to Know



If the coal rationers are getting slack

THE BBC says Laval will cut no ice with the French people. But do the French people want to cut ice?

IN South America you come across the English tongue in unexpected places, a writer says. Mostly in somebody's mouth, surely.

MANY girls who join the ATS want to be drivers. Won't be driven.

Have you realised that one embezzler makes a bigger stir than all the world's honest men put together?

JUST AN IDEA

Wasted Thousands

IT is good to know that the Football Pool gamblers are probably drawing only £1,500,000 a year from the pockets of their dupes as against a million a week in peace time; but is there any reason why even £30,000 a week should be wasted on these pools instead of going into Savings and helping to win the war?

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LITTLE ISLANDS IN THE WAR

The Solomons at Australia's Back Door

JAPAN has pushed southwards to the Solomon Islands to the north-east of Australia. It is a remote part of the British Commonwealth, and because of its isolation Japan is able to land troops without much opposition.

One of the most interesting and hardworking men in the Solomon Islands, a man who will have many worries now, is Dr Baddeley, the Bishop of Melanesia. He went out to the Solomon Islands from Yorkshire in 1932, and his headquarters are on Taroaniara. His diocese is 90,000 square miles, most of it water, so the bishop must be a good sailor to get round to his people.

Normally he has the fine ship Southern Cross to take him, but since the war she has been laid up, and the bishop is dependent on the much less trustworthy launch Patteson.

Squalls, hurricanes, and vast rolling swells on the ocean are often the daily lot of the bishop; not long ago one of the crew of the Patteson was on board lighting his pipe when the launch gave a roll and overboard the man went. He was soon found astern of the ship calmly treading water with the pipe still in his mouth.

Bishop in Shirt-Sleeves

Engine trouble is frequent, and then the bishop has to roll up his sleeves and get down among the oil and dirt and try to put the trouble right. Since the war he has been doing his bit by digging more land round his bungalow to grow vegetables, which are always scarce on the Solomons. He was able to borrow a rotary-tiller which churned up the ground, and then someone offered him a plough; but there was no horse and no bullock to pull it. The nearest horse was thirty miles away by sea, and the bishop dare not trust himself and the horse to the tender mercies of the Patteson, so it looks as if the ploughing will have to wait.

CN IN THE HIMALAYAS

DEAR EDITOR,—I am taking the liberty of passing on extracts from a letter lately received from a 15-year-old boy in India, going to school in the Himalayas, to whom I have forwarded the CN for several years. He writes: "I particularly appreciate the editorials, which are full of wisdom and sane thinking. The appetising tidbits one gets also form much food for thought."

"I was particularly interested in an editorial about Rabindranath Tagore, our grand Indian poet and scholar."

"Here in India a great deal of fuss was naturally made about

Eggs are often short on the Solomons, and as there has lately been a prolonged drought the chickens have not laid. But one morning an egg appeared on the bishop's table with the words, "O, all ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord." The hen had been found laying the egg on the bishop's chair in the chapel, and a humorous Solomon islander had brought the egg as a present to the bishop.

Bush Readers

Landing on Solomon islands is always an exciting business. Usually the bishop has to be carried ashore on sturdy shoulders, and then follows a walk along a rough coral road to the village. Two miles of a coral road makes the feet sore, but the bishop's arrival is always the signal for rejoicing. Sometimes he goes to visit "bush readers" who live simply in the villages and instruct the people, or it may be to open a church which has taken five years to build.

The proudest building in the Solomons is the hospital on Fauabu, which was started with the gift of £2000 from an English lady. Set in a parkland of palms, the bungalows are well equipped and the hospital is nearly always full. Attached to the hospital is a leper colony for 43 patients. But the other great disease which attacks Solomon islanders is yaws, which is now being arrested by injections. The head hospital orderly has been so struck by the success of the simple treatment that he has been saving up money to buy needles and syringes, so that he may go home to his own village and rid it of the dread disease.

him after his death, including a number of flowery editorials and laudatory speeches. It took a long time for me to wade through them, but there was no clear understanding about Tagore and what he did. However, the account in the CN had it all in a nutshell, so clear and concise it was about the life and activities of this great Indian philosopher."

He writes frequently thanking me for enabling him to "catch a glimpse of the true England as portrayed in the CN."

MRS M. H. HORGSON,
Accrington

CARRY ON

Remember the Wise

REMEMBER the wise; for they have laboured, and you are entering into their labours.

Every fact you are taught is a voice from beyond the tomb, an heirloom from men whose bodies are now in the dust. Most of them were poor; many died and saw no fruit of their labours; some were persecuted, some were slain. Of some the very names are forgotten. But their works live, and grow and spread over fresh generations of youth, showing them fresh steps toward that temple of wisdom which is the knowledge of things as they are; the knowledge of those eternal laws by which God governs the heavens and the Earth, things seen and unseen, from the rise and fall of mighty nations to the growth and death of moss on yonder moors. Charles Kingsley

WILLIAM WATSON ON HIS NATIVE LAND

I ALSO, though with hauntings of remorse,
Railed at our England, bidding her give heed
To better counsellors than the guides who lead
Power unbeloved, on yonder cold, proud course!
Yet . . . when I look abroad,
and track the Source,
More selfish far, of other nations' deed,
And mark their tortuous craft,
their jealous greed,
Their serpent-wisdom or mere soulless force,
Homeward returns my vagrant fealty.
Crying, O England, shouldst thou one day fall,
Shattered in ruins by some Titan foe,
Justice were thenceforth weaker throughout all
The earth, and Truth less passionately free,
And God the poorer for thine overthrow.

Let Us Praise Ancient Poverty

AT last they upbraided my poverty: I confess she is my domestick; sober of diet, simple of habit; frugal, painful; a good counsellor to me, that keeps me from cruelty, pride, or other more delicate impertinences which are the nurse-children of riches.

But let them look over all the great and monstrous wickednesses; they shall never find those in poor families. They are the issue of the wealthy Giants and the mighty Hunters, whereas no great work, or worthy of praise or memory, but came out of poor cradles.

It was the ancient poverty that founded commonweals, built cities, invented arts, made wholesome laws; armed men against vices; rewarded them with their own virtues; and preserved the honour and state of nations, till they betrayed themselves to riches.

Ben Jonson

Lord of the Armies of the Sky

KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod:
The Muse stands trembling while she sings
The Honours of her God.

Life, Death, and Hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

Th' Almighty Voice bid ancient Night
Her endless realms resign,
And lo, ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.

Now wisdom with superior sway
Guides the vast moving frame,
Whilst all the ranks of being pay
Deep reverence to his name.

He spake; the sun obedient stood,
And held the falling day:
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
And disappoints the sea.

Lord of the armies of the sky,
He marshals all the stars;
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his wars.

Milton in His Pride

THEY accuse me of blindness, because I have lost my eyes in the service of liberty. They tax me with cowardice, and while I had the use of my eyes and my sword I never feared the boldest among them. Finally, I am upbraided with deformity, while no one was more handsome in the age of beauty. I do not even complain of my want of sight; in the night with which I am surrounded the light of the Divine Presence shines with a more brilliant lustre.

IT'S COMING YET

THEN let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for all that;
That sense and worth o'er all the earth,
May bear the gree, and all that.
For all that and all that,
It's coming yet, and all that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for all that.

Robert Burns

Chained to his throne a volume lies
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size
Drawn by the eternal Pen.

His Providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine:
Each opening leaf and every stroke
Fulfills some deep design.

Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarchs down.

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives,
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded Leaves.

My God, I never longed to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

In thy fair Book of Life and Grace

May I but find my name
Recorded in some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 18th century

WHEREFORE?

THE end of birth is death,
The end of death is life;
Then wherefore mournest thou?

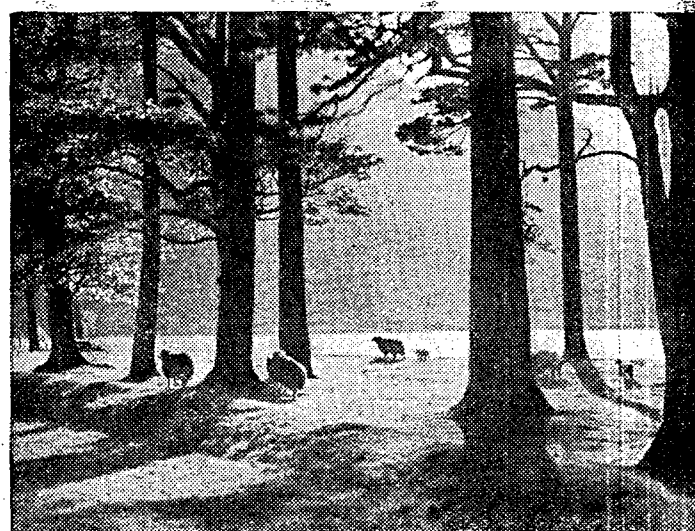
A Prayer For a Useful Life

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father, who hastest nothing that Thou hast made, nor desirest the death of a sinner, look down with mercy upon me, and grant that I may turn from my wickedness and live.

Forgive the days and years I have passed in folly, idleness, and sin. Fill me with such sorrow for time misspent that I may amend my life according to Thy holy word.

Strengthen me against habitual idleness, and enable me to direct my thoughts to the performance of every duty, that while I live I may serve Thee, and at last, by a holy and happy death, be delivered from the struggles and sorrows of this life, and obtain eternal happiness by Thy mercy.

Dr Johnson



THIS ENGLAND

A spring evening pastoral at Buttermere in the Lake District

THE HERO OF IOKEA

A Story From Port Moresby

This story is from the last issue of The Papuan Villager which has reached us from Port Moresby, now so tragically in the front-page news.

It is written by a native of Papua, Forova Kalahure, of Moru.

LONG ago a man lived with his wife and children and friends in the village of Iokea. His name was Forova Kaea.

In Papua there are Samoan people who have come to work here for the L.M.S. One day the Samoan teacher told Forova Kaea to bring some sago and bananas from the garden for me and my family because we were hungry, and Forova did as he asked. That day there were many clouds covering the sky and Forova was afraid of the rain, so he went very slowly through the village while his enemies watched him all the time.

He went straight along on his way but did not know how to fight, and the people asked him, "Forova Kaea, where have you come from?" Then he told them, "I have come from the Teacher's house." "That is true," they said, and they took their sharp spears and threw them at his back into his flesh.

Forova made a very big noise and ran to reach the house and sat down on his own steps. He called to his wife and his friends and they obeyed his order, but they could not see him. "Where are you?" they said. "I want you to come and take out the spear from my back," he said. They took it away and then he said to his wife, "Will you give me my spears that are by my

sleeping place?" But his wife replied, "No, I will not give them to you because I do not want you to go and fight. You will be killed."

Then the husband took his spears and then he went with his family and there was a fight between the villagers. When they had finished the fight he was all covered with blood and he looked just like a pig that has been hunted. It was wonderful that he did not die after losing all that blood. His people took him when he fell down and pulled him into his house. They kept him there a long time. At last he grew well again and lived among the villagers and his friends with his wife and children until he died.

This is an old story of my tribe. It was told to me by my grandfather.

WHY THIS WASTE?

DEAR EDITOR, Eggs and poultry are short because grain is not allowed for our fowls; flour is short for making bread; coal is to be very much restricted; there is a shortage of milk, beef, and bacon. Yet immense quantities of grain and fodder are used for racehorses and hunters; hundreds of thousands of tons of grain are being destroyed for beer which has no food value; thousands of tons of coal are wasted in making beer; thousands of acres are used up in growing hops for beer, and there are still thousands of acres of uncultivated land which could be producing food.

R. G. V., Bournemouth.

The Pride of the Factory

HOW TO PRODUCE IT

IN those mighty mass-production factories where, part by part, a thousand or ten thousand parts are built up into a complex finished product, how many of the workers realise the true extent and nature of the process in which they play a modest role? Perhaps many of them do not trouble about it, but remain content to work their hours and draw their wages. That appears to be the opinion of Mr Ford, one of the first of the mass-producers, who alleges that there are thousands of workers who take no interest in their work and who, indeed, are glad to be relieved of any need for thought or responsibility. In spite of this opinion, however, one feels that there must be other thousands who wonder about what they are doing and why they are doing it.

Mass-Production

In America, where mass-production arose, there is at least one mass-production firm big enough to employ at one of its plants no less than 15,000 workers, where wonder on the subject became vocal, and led to a visit of a deputation to the management. One day, it seems, a committee of the workers waited on the board of directors to ask if it could not be arranged for the workers to inspect the entire plant, to become acquainted at first-hand with all the processes, and to witness the building up of many parts into complete products. We are glad to say the deputation had a sympathetic reception and plans were made for periodical inspection by all hands. As might be reasonably expected, the entire plant and the 15,000 workers gained by the inspections. The thing was seen as a whole, and each part fell into its proper place in the worker's mind.

The thing went farther still, and the inspection by workers led to the arrangement of days when the workers were allowed to bring their families to see what went on. The factory became a social institution, and the girl workers turned out in their best clothes to do the factory justice on inspection day. A new pride in work had been born.

Social Effects of the War

It is revealed by Miss Lilian Barker, our only woman Prison Commissioner, that there are now twice as many women in prison as before the war.

Speaking of this with deep regret, she said how difficult it was to make many young women and girls understand that they have any responsibility to their country and their homes. The causes of this deplorable condition are to be found in war conditions, with homes broken up and women sent far from home.

Unfortunately we have still to reckon with the effects on children deprived of home life, which are only too likely to appear during the war and after it.

A Patriot and His WASTE-PAPER Are Soon Parted

THE STRANGE WORLD OF MERCURY

Extremes of Heat and Cold

THE little world of Mercury will be very well placed for observation in the western sky during the next three weeks, writes the C.N. astronomer. At present the planet Saturn appears not far away from Mercury and so he may be identified for certain, while the much brighter Jupiter, away to the left and at a much higher altitude, will provide an excellent guide for the subsequent movements of Mercury. It will be of interest to follow these with the aid of our plan of the apparent paths of these three worlds.

It will be during next week only that Mercury will appear in the neighbourhood of Saturn; he is in conjunction with, and apparently at his nearest to, Saturn on May 5, Mercury being the brightest and some way above Saturn. But



Mercury, Saturn, and Jupiter now, the arrows, showing their paths during the next three weeks

glasses will be a great help in spotting them in the twilight sky when, during the first half of the week, they will both appear in the same field of view. From soon after sunset it should be possible to see them, provided that the sky is clear down to the horizon, while, of course, the later they are looked for the nearer they will be to it; appearing also brighter against the darker sky.

The brilliant Jupiter will be a guide to the positions of Mercury and Saturn, for he is at a much higher altitude away to the left, and unmistakable. If an imaginary line be drawn from Jupiter to the point where the Sun has set, it will pass the region where Mercury and Saturn will be found.

But Mercury is moving very rapidly towards the left, and so, during next week, will leave Saturn behind and appear to travel toward Jupiter; eventually by about May 24 Mercury will have reached the position in the drawing indicated by the point of the arrow. By then both planets will have apparently approached so near to where the Sun sets that further observation will be difficult.

These motions are only apparent and due to perspective, for, while

Jupiter and Saturn are receding from us, Mercury is approaching us, and at a great rate, so that whereas Mercury is now about 110 million miles away in three weeks' time he will be only 75 million miles distant. Just now Mercury appears gibbous when seen through a telescope, but in a week's time he will resemble the Moon at first quarter phase; in another week he will become a crescent. This crescent will gradually become more slender as Mercury comes more and more between us and the Sun, until by June 12 it will vanish; Mercury will then be at his nearest to us, and little more than 50 million miles away. This is unusually near, but Mercury is almost at aphelion on this occasion, that is at his farthest point from the Sun, which, of course, brings him nearer to us. We will therefore see him to greater advantage.

Always Facing the Sun

Mercury appears to resemble our Moon in many ways, and to be a world of grey, burnt-up rocks and lofty mountains, and with a much cracked or scarred surface—at least, on Mercury's sunlit side. For the evidence indicates that Mercury keeps always the same side facing the Sun, as does the Moon towards the Earth. Consequently, the temperature on that side of Mercury must be terrific, and has been calculated to average about 35 degrees Centigrade; so if there are any rivers there they must be of molten lead or something of the kind, for all water would have boiled away long ago. But on the other side of this little world which is only about 3100 miles in diameter intensely frigid conditions would prevail, as it would never receive the terrific heat of the Sun, whose distance varies between 28,550,000 miles and 43,350,000 miles. One wonders what must be the strange conditions along that belt of the planet's surface which separates the frigid from the boiling surface? G. F. M.

The Apple Pip in the Flower-Pot

THERE are those to whom the time of apple-blossoming is the loveliest time of the year.

Many apple trees are in cottage gardens and behind them often is a little romance of benevolence, an act of faith performed by those who planted without hope of personal gain, but out of goodwill to the future. The idea is old, and forms the subject of a classic story in sacred Jewish literature, where we are told that an aged man, being seen to plant a tree, was asked how long it would take the tree to bear fruit. On his answering seventy years and being asked if he expected to live to eat the fruit, he answered: "I did not find the world desolate when I entered it, and, as my fathers planted for me before I was born, so I plant for those who will come after me."

Such a spirit animated the woman responsible for a tree now bearing abundant crops of Cox's pippins every year in a certain garden we know. She raised it

from an apple pip, and kept it for two years in the pot in which the pip was sown. Then she planted it out in her garden and left it for her children. At the end of five years it bore a few fine apples; at the end of ten years the old lady gathered two or three bushels from it. Then she died, and her married daughter had the tree carefully transplanted to her garden, where it yielded astonishing crops of apples each year, the tree, now grown great, serving, as she said, as a veritable orchard, so prolific was it in its sheltered position.

All went well, crops increasing in bulk each year, till one melancholy day a group of children broke down the fence and stripped the tree of its crop. She would stand no more of that, said the owner of the tree, so the tree was moved for the third time. It continued to flourish and is now a splendid growth, producing an annual crop of fine apples 40 years after the pip from which it sprang was set in a flower-pot.

BEDTIME CORNER

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe.
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old Moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

THE old Moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afared are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

ALL night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

WYNKEN and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head;
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.
Eugene Field



Six Good Men of Tokyo

It was not quite right to suggest, as the editor did the other day, that the Japanese have had no great men known to the outside world.

The fact is that names from almost every land are to be found in that army of workers in all countries who carry on the unending fight against disease, and we overlooked two or three men of Japan whose names, though by no means known to all the world, deserve its highest homage for their faithfulness to the cause of knowledge.

Among them stands, as the earliest, Kitasato, who was the first to cultivate the tetanus bacillus and helped to discover the anti-toxin for it, afterwards finding the bacillus of plague. Then comes Noguchi, one of the martyrs of science who, after much important work in contagious diseases, died in West Africa of yellow fever. Others were Shiga, who discovered the organism responsible for the most severe type of dysentery; Matsumoto, an expert on plant viruses; and Kuwada, who worked on the life of cells and made plain the spiral nature of the chromosomes which are the ultimate factor when the cell divides to give birth to others.

Hideyo Noguchi is a name that will live long after the butchers of Hong Kong have been brought to their account. It was his interest in the microscope which made him a bacteriologist, and he won his own niche in fame by his work at the Rockefeller Institute.

He was a brilliant man seeking the cause of yellow fever, first in the laboratory, then in Ecuador, then in Brazilian jungles, and finally on the Gold Coast of Africa. They tried to dissuade him from going to Accra, for they felt that it would be his death. "Yes, I suppose so," he said, and went and died.

One other Japanese name the C.N. has already introduced to its readers, that of Toyohiko Kagawa, the Buddhist monk who

became a Christian preacher, and has for years been going through Japan as John Wesley went through England, preaching on the Sermon on the Mount.

He is now just over 50, a poet, a preacher, and a social worker, a modern St Francis whose work the authorities have long tried to hinder because they count him dangerous, but whose fame is in the hearts of many people. He hates war, loves work, and counsels simplicity. His aim is "a million Christians in Japan." He has lived 20 years in a slum, has organised labour unions, and a cooperative movement among farmers, has written lots of books, has been the head of the Social Bureau of Tokyo, and is a keen student of natural history. But the passion of his life is preaching the Gospel.

His country has chosen the path that leads to ruin, but it is right to remember those who have tried to lead her on the way to better things.

The Lighted Window

The story is told that somewhere in a northern county a warden observed a light in a window after an air-raid warning had sounded. He called out, "Put out that light," and an old lady appeared at the window, saying, "What do you want?"

"It's an air-raid warning," said the warden.

"Put it in the letter-box," said the old lady, "I can't come down."

MR FORD IS MAKING RUBBER

Long before the war began, Mr Henry Ford began to experiment with rubber in Brazil.

Mr Ford obtained from the government a free concession of 2,500,000 acres for the purpose, Brazil being only too glad at the prospect of re-establishing the rubber trade, and by the end of 1929 planting was well under way.

For various reasons, not the least of which was insect disease, the experiment failed, but Mr Ford, not to be beaten, experimented on a new site with trees from Malaya, and at last succeeded, defeating the insects and raising healthy stock. According to Mr Desmond Holdridge, the experiment must now be regarded as having been successful.

It has been shown that Brazil can successfully grow plantation rubber, and although the Ford product is yet small, it is likely, in the course of a few years, to supply a considerable part of America's gigantic rubber needs. There is also, of course, the American synthetic product.



An A.T.S. dispatch rider engaged on traffic control

A STATUE AND THE PLANE

Though the doors of some of London's museums and art galleries are temporarily shut, they are not forgotten, and treasures continue to pour into them in waiting for a better day. Among the many gifts bequeathed is a terracotta statuette of William the Third, made by John Nost, for one of the figures of the King which used to stand on the old Royal Exchange, lost in a fire just over a century ago. It takes a worthy place among the ivory carvings, the miniatures, and the porcelain which keep it company.

Mention of this museum piece recalls another, the plane in which Wilbur Wright made his first flight, and which the U.S. would like to see in America. It is quite safe, but is no longer in its London home, the Science Museum.

The Brothers

Staff-Sergeant William Henry Jarvis has been in the army five years, four of them overseas. His brother, Trooper Frederick, has also seen five years service, including Dunkirk. For over four years these two had not seen each other till one day William walked into a room in Egypt and came face to face with his brother.

STREET OF THE UNITED NATIONS

Inspiring Spectacle in New York

A NEW street sprang to life the other day in the heart of New York City, a little street with a great name, the Street of the United Nations, so called by the British War Relief Society.

It is lined on both sides by the shops representing each of the Democracies. All money received by the shops is dedicated to the winning of victory. At four o'clock on the opening day the President of the City Council cut a white rope at the entrance, and in we walked (writes a New York Correspondent), greeted by charming young women.

First on the left was the British shop, piled high with wool and knitted garments. Then came Holland with her tulips, her old tiles from Delft, and multiple copies of famous paintings. Next stood Belgium presenting crystal, lace, and linen. "France has lost the Battle but not the War!" declared a poster outside the French shop, where tapestries, objects of art, perfume, and jewels were ranged.

No icon for Russia, but poetry, embroideries, weavings. Norway shows straw mats, wood objects of all sorts, painted panels, and screens. China's shop shines with beautiful pottery, silk, bronzes, all arranged under the protecting eye of a few Buddhas. Czecho-Slovakia offers scarves, capes, and stamp collections. Greece beams with her representation of the Parthenon and her antiques, but it is the Hermes by Praxiteles which attracts most attention. "Thumbs Up" recommends the messenger of the ancient gods of Olympus worshipped by the Greeks in ancient days.

Proud Poland

Then we find Poland, proud of her national costumes, of her dances and folklores, but above all proud of her Paderewski, small marble busts of him selling by the dozen. The girl who offers them has been in America only a short time and knows so little English that she must use her French. "How did you get away from Poland?" we asked. "My father was an Army aviator," she answered. "I had not heard from him for a long, long time. I thought I would never see him

again. But one night he suddenly dropped in, picked me up, pushed me into a car, and on we fled, passing the border safely, thanks to the grace of God."

As we left the Street of the United Nations we said to ourselves that United is more than a word; it is an idea, an idea which has been sown into the world consciousness. It is a conception which will establish itself in thought and become a fact. Blessed be Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt who chose it with so much care and foresight.

Let Us Go Forward Together

The terms of the Declaration of Washington had been accepted one evening at the White House a few months ago. The pledge to fight the Axis to the end had been taken. The 26 nations were ready to sign the document. The only thing left was to give it a name, a vital name, expressing a momentous idea. Declaration of the Anti-Axis Nations was not enough; Declaration of the Associated Nations was half-hearted; Declaration of the Allied Nations suggested militarism. Unable to reach a satisfying decision, the two leaders deferred the final choice overnight to be sure that they were making no mistake, and in the morning the word United came to them, and the glorious document was called the Declaration of the United Nations.

"Let us go forward together," urges a poster at the entrance of the little new street. Yes, dear friends, let us go forward together.

Why Not a Few Rabbits?

We are a nation of meat eaters, and a lack of shipping may force us to change our habits.

Home-produced beef and mutton and pork could never make up for the reduced shipments from abroad, but the meat problem could be greatly eased by a widespread recognition of the value of the rabbit as food.

Many families are already producing a good portion of their own meat supply by keeping rabbits—a thing they might not like to do in peace time, but are readily reconciled to doing now. It is a fact that a good cook can serve rabbit so that it may well be mistaken for chicken. Many

rabbit clubs have come into existence, and through them bran may be obtained for feeding. In fact, the feeding problem almost solves itself, for in addition to bran rabbits will thrive on kitchen scraps, such as leaves of cabbages and other greens, and potato peelings; they also eat hay, lawn clippings, and many other unconsidered trifles from garden and hedgerow.

The Ministry of Agriculture has prepared a leaflet on Raising Rabbits for Meat, which gives a lot of useful information. If you are interested write to the Ministry for a copy at Africa House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

SAD STORY OF A BARN

A SAD little museum has gone a-begging at Easington in the Yorkshire East Riding. Its story began 400 years ago, when the tithe barn which housed it was built. But its second life started 50 years ago, when its curator, Mr Sheppard, and an antiquarian society found the barn tenanted by a farmer whose thrashing engine poked its funnel through the thatched roof. Rescued from being set on fire, it was rented

from the owners and after years of negotiation and appeals was turned into a folk museum known far and wide.

It has now fallen on evil days, because the terms of a renewed tenancy are too hard, and nobody will have the barn, so the contents have gone partly to the Hull Museum and partly to York, and the remaining big pieces are left waiting for salvage—a dismal ending to a hopeful endeavour.

What the Village Does Not Know

THE member of the Brains Trust who recently suggested that Civics should be a compulsory school subject would be interested in the experience of a country reader.

Having business in a strange village, he wished to get in touch with members of the Rural District Council, and not unnaturally asked the policeman. The constable said he knew the Chairman of the Parish Council and all the magistrates for miles, but could not name either of the District Councillors. The clerk in the post office thought she knew, but was not certain; three men smiled and said they did not bother their heads with such things.

A man wearing an A.R.P. badge was more helpful: he knew one of the councillors. Two Boy Scouts gave the names and addresses readily enough, but an

inquiry showed that they had named parish councillors. One of these men, found working in his garden, gave the information after he had gone indoors to look at a list!

Our reader discovered that only one parish meeting has been held in the village since 1938, and that was attended by only one elector, other than members of the council. Both district councillors were elected without opposition, and, although one of them has offered to report to periodical meetings of ratepayers, his offer has been ignored. Reports sent to the parish council have not even been acknowledged.

Truly, as the workmen said, the villagers do not bother their heads with local government. It is one of the most remarkable facts of country life that hardly anybody knows the sort of information this stranger was seeking.

